

The Lomond Press

VOL. 1. NO. 18.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1916.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Pay Your Taxes Before Dec. 15th.

Ratepayers in the Rural Municipality of Clifton would do well to take notice that on and after Dec. 15th. a five per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes. As taxes are something that have to be accounted for there is no reason why a person should allow a penalty to be piled on top of the regular amount in a year like this when funds are circulating freely, and besides it would facilitate the work of financing and book-keeping in the business of the municipality. Be forewarned, pay up before next Friday.

Polling Returns

Division Five:	
Hanna	40
Jensen	9
Division Six:	
Chapman	28
Mosler	16

Geo. Frownfelter has disposed of his old skeleton racer and has purchased a Hudson Four.

John Larson left on Saturday for New York City. John was considering a trip to the Old Country but will size up the submarines before starting across the pond.

There is a great emigration of tourists from this district on the annual winter excursions. Among those leaving this week who have come under the notice of The Press are: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hunter to Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ficht to Massachusetts, A. Volesky and the Lindstrand brothers to St. Paul and C. M. Bailey. The single fellows are wearing that eager, anxious, smile that usually precedes the first step in matrimony. Here's luck to the boys.

Frank Wilson is fattening up on goose and turkey since the turkey shoot, as he was successful in bagging enough to provide for Christmas, New Years and a few lunches in between times.

They do say Swain is a corker to ring bells. But then, revenge is sweet, even if it is taken out on the other fellow.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Blake left Wednesday morning for a visit to their old home in Iowa, where they will spend the winter.

A very enjoyable social evening was spent at a social held in the Lomond Church on Friday evening of last week.

The Forestville school district patriotic committee is holding a box social and dance in the Bow City Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 19th. A big crowd is expected.

The Hill brothers of Amethyst, who are members of the 191st. infantry battalion, are recruiting in this neighborhood. The battalion is open to receive slightly more than a hundred men and offers splendid inducement for any who are considering enlisting in the Empire's defense. Lomond as a district has not made any particular mark in sending out recruits as far as numbers are concerned, though considering it from a purely agricultural standpoint it is hardly to be wondered at. Nevertheless, a little recruiting might do a lot toward picking up a number of undecided fellows who would like to get into kaki. The 191st. battalion is in winter training quarters at Red Deer and expects to go overseas this fall or early spring.

A NIGHT STRAFE

The following pen picture is taken from an Old Country paper sent over by Harry Rounds before he was wounded. Harry says this is a pretty good description, only all German shells are not "duds" and they do not always hit to the right and left of where you are standing.

Together with the other two subalterns who were in charge of the guns, I paddled and slithered across the soaking field towards the battery. Here and there we blundered on to the brown river of mud which in dry weather was called a path. At the further end of the field, beneath the shelter of a couple of small trees, we stopped.

"What night for a strafe!" exclaimed the Senior Sub., taking off his steel helmet to shake the rain from it; "the infantry will get their boots dirty to-night, I'm thinking."

"They'll get more than that," commended the Orderly Officer for the Day. "We'd better see that our watches are synchronised," he added; "somebody switch a torch on."

I produced an electric torch, and pointed the bulb to my watch. "Divisional time, ten seventeen pip emma exactly," I announced. ("Pip emma" is signaller's language for p.m.)

"That's thirteen minutes before the start," reflected the Senior Sub. "Just run over the barrage times, old son."

I dived my hand into my pocket and hauled out a damp piece of paper. "Phase one," I read, "ten thirty to ten thirty-five; then add one two five; phase two, ten thirty-five to ten forty-five; drop to first range for last phase; finish up at eleven."

Translated into English, this meant that the raid which was to take place was to last ten minutes. The show would open by an intense bombardment lasting five minutes; then the guns would lengthen their range, and the infantry would clamber over their parapet and make for the gap in the German wire, which had been cut earlier in the day; then, after a merry ten minutes with old Fritz, they would return across No Man's Land, while we at the guns would "drop to the first range" until our Tommies were safely back at home.

I flop moistly into the gunpit from which I am to keep time for my section.

"All ready?" I asked the sergeant in charge of the gun.

"All ready, sir," he replies, saluting.

"Battery—action!" sings out the Senior Sub. No. 1 pit, and in the deep gloom the gunners silently loom up and take their places at the guns, while I plant my back firmly against the rear wall of the pit, my torch shining on to my watch. It still wants a couple of minutes to 10.30.

Thirty seconds more, twenty-five, twenty... Down there, over the crest, Fritz is cowering behind his parapets, taking what shelter he can from the rain. But a few more seconds, and he will be sheltering himself from our rain—a rain of lead and iron.

Fifteen seconds, ten, nine, eight... now our infantry will be making ready to rush across.

Five, four, three—everything is tense silent.

Two, one—FIRE! A blinding flash, a puff of smoke that swirls round the pit; the long, black shape of the gun shoots back along the steel guides and runs up smoothly to the firing position again.

The breech is flung open, the empty shell case tinkles on the ground, and another shell is passed into the bore with one deft thrust of the loader's arm.

"Set," calls the man at the range drum.

"Ready," calls the layer, with his hand on the firing lever.

"FIRE!"

And now the ground is trembling beneath our feet. All around us, it seems, the guns are thundering. The air is alive with one unending, wavering flash. The scream of the flying shell is like a chorus of the damned—there is no interval of silence between the explosions...

The gunpit is full of dust choking fumes, through which the shapes of the gunners can barely be seen. The flashes light up their sweating faces for an instant, leaving a Cimmerian blackness behind them.

Every few minutes I am forced to clear the dust off the dial of my watch. "Fire," I call.

"Set," and "Ready," again answers the gunners. . . . "Add one two five—phase two." I yell above the din; the man at the range-drum gives it a slight turn. "Three three two five, set," he calls, and "Ready," answers the layer.

Now our infantry are "up and over," and our barrage is lifted in front of them. Our rate of fire has decreased a little; once or twice the rattle of machine-gun is heard from the trenches in front.

Still the dim shapes round the gun tolled on, still the gun is flung back on the recoil and forward again to the firing position, like some gigantic piston. . . . Now the infantry are returning; it is time to lower the range again, and place a curtain of flame and metal between them and the Germans.

At last it is over. "Cease firing," I croak in a hoarse voice. The breech is opened and bucketsful of cold water are poured down the heated bore.

I stagger out on to the squelching clay, my ears singing, my throat dry; covered with dust and grit.

"All O.K.?" wheezes the Senior Sub. out of the blackness.

"O.K.," replies the Orderly Officer of the Day.

"O.K.," I echo hoarsely.

We slide and stumble towards each other, and stand looking out towards the front line. All in quiet. Not the crack of a rifle. Not the splutter of a machine-gun. After the hideous din of a few moments before, the silence is almost terrible.

"No. 2 jammed halfway through the last phase," says the Senior Sub. "We had to cart the rest of the ammunition over to No. 1."

"Wonder how the show has gone?" ruminates the O.O. "Judging by the..."

Instinctively we stop and listen. Our trained ears have caught a well-known sound.

"Take cover, men," calls the senior sub.

With a mournful whistle a German howitzer shell comes flying towards us. It passes over our heads and falls without exploding far away on our right.

"A dud!" we exclaim simultaneously.

We await the next arrival, but nothing further happens.

"Oh, the dirty dogs!" calls one of the gunners, his head stuck quaintly out of his funk-hole. "What retaliation!"

"All guns on their night lines," orders the Senior Sub.

"Very good, sir," answers the sergeant in charge.

We return to the mess to wash down the dust and fumes with a drink and to hear from our battery commander, who has been watching the raid from an observation post, the result of the show.

"Good shooting, boys," says the

Dr. Walkey, of Richdale, Coming to Lomond

Lomond is to have a resident medical practitioner. Dr. Walkey, of Richdale, Alberta, will take up practice in Lomond within the next fifteen days. The Hanna cottage now under erection has been secured by the council as a temporary domicile until the doctor can make a shift for himself. This will fill a long felt need in the community.

Beckett and Ebert are holding another dance in the I.O.O.F. Hall tonight.

Auctioneer Elves will hold another combination sale on Saturday next, Dec. 16th. Bring in your listings early.

Mrs. J. E. Craske and littson returned home last Saturday from Ried Hill where they had been visiting with relatives for a week.

Mr. W. B. Manning and Mr. La fountain left this afternoon on a business trip to Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wood left Wednesday for Calgary where they will make their home in future.

John Haight who has been at Vancouver in the Royal Flying Corps returned to Lomond Monday on a few days furlough prior to departure to England.

Miss Gertrude Tuggey was in Lomond on Tuesday and Wednesday and while here disposed of the building she formerly occupied as a restaurant and which is now occupied by D. A. Anderson's meat market to the present occupant. She left on the morning train heading south.

Mr. Burcham, South Alberta superintendent of the Government Telephones was in Lomond on Wednesday accompanied by the repair man. They had made a trip of this branch line visiting every station. He mentioned the fact that Lomond was slated for a local exchange in the first extension work to be undertaken by the government. A fine new sign was left with the local office and a new set of batteries installed.

Dr. Ridell of the Alberta College, Edmonton, preached to a packed house last Sunday evening, one of the finest sermons that the Lomond church-goers have ever had the pleasure of listening to. The Dr. dwelt at a great length on topics concerning the war and the warring nations. Having travelled extensively in Europe and having spent a great deal of time in Germany in his student days, he was in remarkably close touch with the ideals and educational system of that country, and was in a position to draw some vivid contrasts between the character and ideals of the opposing peoples. One point of contrast spoken of in regard to the educational system was that in Germany a student is first made a scholar and then they try to make a man of him while in Gt. Britain they make the man first and the scholar after.

Dr. Ridell emphasized the value of character in the individual and in the nation, expressing the conviction that though the weight of the man power and gun power was on the side of our enemies, Great Britain and our allies are sure to win this war because the weight of character and justice is on our side.

latter as we arrive.

And then we turn in, and sleep the sleep of the dog-tired. Like the Huns, we have had enough for the moment. But to-morrow . . .

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, DECEMBER 8, 1916.

Canadian Wheat Situation.

An official statement from Ottawa throws light on the wheat situation and indicates clearly why the baker must demand more for his bread. Canada's exportable surplus of wheat this year is estimated at 99,493,700 bushels, as compared with 254,173,00 bushels last year. A Government report places the total wheat crop this year at 160,000,000 bushels, as compared with 376,000,000 last year, so one can readily understand the reason for the prevalent high price of wheat and flour. The bad crop, which was about one-third of the wheat production last year, was brought about by unfavorable weather, serious labor shortage and other war conditions. Investigators of abnormally high cost of living will not be forced to do much delving into the facts to discover the reason why living expenses have jumped 30 per cent.

The amount of last year's crop still left in Canada is estimated at 270,000,000 bushels. Seed requirements for 1917 are placed at 21,000,000 bushels, and the loss in clearing land for grain not merchantable quality is placed at 16,000,000 bushels.

For food requirements in Canada it is estimated 60,000,000 bushels will be required. This leaves for export herefore approximately 100,000,000 bushels.

W. S. Chambers of Armada has returned from a short visit to Spokane. Mr. Chambers reports a foot of snow and very cold in Spokane. Not in it with Sunny Alberta.

Take a peek at W. H. Smith's bull dogs some time when you are passing.

Jang says "Me no likee shiveree, too tam much noise."

Mr. and Mrs. Webster have taken up housekeeping in G. M. Woods house on 1st Street South.

Here's to the garden of Eden
Which Adam was always a weedin'
Till Eve by mistake
Got bit by a snake
Who on the ripe pippins was feedin'
Then longin' it seemed to possess her
For clothing sufficient to dress her
And ever since then
It's been up to us men
To pay for the dresses, God bless her

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FOR YOUR
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L. M. SWAIN, Manager.

Poultry Fair! Dec. 11th. & 12th.

Highest Market Price Paid for
Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens.

Bring in Your Poultry
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"THE STORE FOR ALL THE PEOPLE"

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COAL

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Prompt Service.

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID
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Purity Flour

The Best in the West by
Actual Baking Test for
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Bran

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Farmers' Elevator

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LOMOND TEA ROOMS

MRS. CRUM, Prop.

Meals at All Hours. Rates Reasonable.

DENTISTRY

Dr. C. H. Nelson wishes to announce that he will make his regular trips to Lomond and Travers beginning the first week Sept., as follows: Lomond every Thursday—Travers every Wednesday.

NEW BARBERSHOP

Now Open
Next To Drug Store.

Give Me A Call.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

M. N. Harmon, Prop.

House Painting

Decorating,
Auto and
Carriage Finishing.

SIGNS

D. E. Snowden,
LOMOND.

LOCALETS

Sokvitne & Bowers have outlined an extensive improvement program for the Central Garage. To begin with they have installed gas lights so there will be no call for a repetition of the fire episode of a few weeks ago. They propose lowering the building and putting in a cement floor and installing a furnace. Eventually they propose equipping an up-to-date machine shop to handle the repair work. This firm has the agency for Goolde, Shapely & Muir gas engines and windmills.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brenner of south of town are leaving on Saturday morning on an extended trip to Minneapolis and other points in Minnesota.

Even though the men should allow their local U.F.A. organization to fall flat the women of the Lomond Local U.F.W.A are not doing so. On Thursday afternoon a goodly number met at the home of Mrs. R. H. Dobson for the purpose of re-organizing and electing a representative to attend the annual convention to be held in Edmonton in January. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President Mrs. F. Newton, Vice President, Mrs. Dobson, Secretary, Mrs. A. W. Tulloch. Mrs. Tulloch was also appointed the delegate to attend the convention. The next meeting of the organization will be held at the home of Mrs. Elvin Bensen the first Thursday in January.

A (pleasant?) surprise party waited upon Mr. and Mrs. Webster and also upon Mr. and Mrs. Aseltine on Wednesday evening. After playing several tunes on tin pans and mould boards some of the brave ones entered the domicile of the happy couple via the cellar window and "Shorty" capitulated, came through with an order on Jang's Restaurant for a liberal supply of delicacies.

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Single Fare

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From all stations in Alberta to Calgary.

Going Dates, Dec. 11th. to 14th.

Return Limit, December 18th.

For full information apply to any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or write:

R. DAWSON,
District Passenger Agent,
Calgary.

The Central Garage

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Agents for the

"DODGE" and "MAXWELL"

Demonstrations Gladly Given.

REPAIR WORK

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GASOLENE, OILS, ETC.

Vulcan Stage Trip Every Wednesday and Saturday.

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First Class Meals Served
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Meals Served
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Auction Sales Handled
Anywhere. Rates and
Dates on Application.

Special on Plank

A large stock of stable floor plank
to go at \$20.00 per M.

Lumber, Fence posts, Medicine Hat
Brick, Portland Cement, Lime
and Bow City Coal.

Let us figure on your building Specifications,

Associated Farmers

LIMITED

Long Distance Phone Office.

Some Christmas Suggestions

We now have a fine selection of Fancy Silk and Crepe de Chene Waists selling from \$3.50 to \$7.00. These make admirable Christmas gifts. If you want the latest in Fancy Collars, Hand Bags, etc., just see our display.

NEW LADIES SHOES

We expect a shipment of new shoes very soon. The newest lasts in high top kids, lace and button, in both black and brown. Be on hand when these are opened up.

Ladies' Fur and Fur-Lined Coats Made to Your Own Measure.

Men's Xmas Neckwear

All the Newest Wrinkles in Ties, Cravats and Mufflers for Christmas.

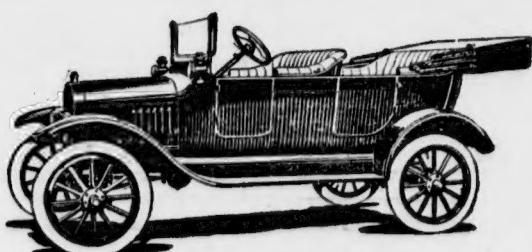
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The 1917 Ford Touring Car
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At my Garage in Lomond.

Streamline effect, tapered hood, crown fenders, new radiater with larger cooling surface,---these are the principal new features of the 1917 model.

The demand for this new model has been so great that I am having difficulty in obtaining sufficient cars to satisfy my customers.

To insure delivery of your car, I suggest placing your order today.

Call and see me---

W. A. TESKEY, LOMOND.

BOW CITY

A steady stream of coal teams are finding their way to Bow City these days but the miners are equal to the occasion and load up the teams in short order.

There is enough work done in hauling coal and grain to the railroad points to easily grade a road for the rails; but, patience! the whistle of the train will be heard some of these years and it will be a short trip to the old sod by way of Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Wm. Campbell has returned for the winter and Campbell Bros. are busy as nailers these days trying to keep up with the work.

The infant daughter of Mrs. Stanley died at Mrs. Stanley's parents' home, Mr. Royer's, of Amethyst district, on Sunday night. The funeral was held on Tuesday to the Lomond cemetery. We all extend to the bereaved ones our sincerest sympathy.

One thing, among many others, that the Bow City District ought to have and that is a cemetery and it would be a move in the right direction for a union cemetery board to be organized and a site selected.

It would be a decided advantage for the districts without telephones to make use of the barbed wire fences. There is no reason why a few instruments shouldn't be hitched onto the fences of a neighborhood, and, while telephones bring, like every other improvement, their temptations, the advantages far out-weigh the annoyances.

BADGER LAKE

Do not overlook the big time to be had at the Patriotic Oyster Supper in the First Chance School next Thursday night, Dec. 14th. A big feed of oysters and a good program will be provided. The local patriotic committee hopes to be able to turn in at least \$300 from the subscriptions and supper receipts and everything points to the realization of their aim.

The school board waited upon Miss Davis before she left for the east and induced her to return and re-open the First Chance school at the beginning of March.

Wm. Hicklin bought the McDonald homestead which was sold under mortgage in Lethbridge last week.

Mrs. P. Thompson, accompanied by Miss Myrtle and Floyd, is away on a visit to relatives at Didsbury.

Mrs. S. A. Trew and little Florence are spending the week on a trip to Lethbridge.

Mr. George Hauger of Badger Lake is leaving to-morrow on a ten days visit to Duluth and Superior.

I. H. C. Farm Tractors

and a full line of Deering and McCormick Implements. - - Gasolene, Kerosene, Distilate, Cylinder Oils and Gear Greases.

"Bull Dog"

Fanning Mills

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Prices Right.

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Center St. LOMOND.

B. & E. Quick Lunch

NOW OPEN FOR
BUSINESS.

BREAKFAST--6.30 to 8.30
DINNER--12.00 to 2.00
SUPPER--6.00 to 7.30

Lunches Served
Between Meals.

BECKET & EBBERT

Xmas Cards

WE have a nice assortmen
of Xmas Cards, Tags,
Seals, etc. Now is the time
to get them before it is too
late.

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